

## CORN IS IN THE SHOCK.

THE END OF THE FARMERS' YEAR OF TOIL.

Old and New Ways of Raising a Crop—  
Make Can Be Gathered Only by Hand—  
The Modern Way of Shocking Corn—  
Happy Husking Days of the Olden Days—  
HE harvest of corn is here. An army of stalks, all straight and strong-jointed, stands in close ranks against the assault of famine. Each warrior bears above his crest a plume which waves defiance to a world. Each bears at his head a falchion as keen as a Damascus blade, in a sheath that came from the workshop of time. Winter is coming.

Across the hills the breezes blow from fields of frost, from shrouds of snow. Gaunt hunger is marching upon the people. This guard of honor, which has stood in reserve all summer, is massed in shocks, is mustered in cribs, is detached in cargoes and sent forward to the conflict. The battle rages as the nights lengthen. It grows fiercer as the sun crosses the line and starts north again. The scattering volleys of retreating squads fall on the air as winter changes to spring again, and victory crowns the conquering hosts of corn as tiny blades in June shoot upward toward the sun.

Do you remember corn-planting days? Boys went barefooted then for the first time since that distant summer away beyond the winter, which lingered an age. Grass was green in the fence-rows; wood

violets bloomed in the forest; the willow was thronged with foliage, and even the oak and hard hickory had pushed tender leaves, just the size of squirrels' ears, out through the rough, forbidding bark. Half over the field was a stretch of yellow sand, where the sun beat so fiercely that naked feet were burned. Not a stump nor a stone in the field; all the wide stretch from fence to fence one level of mellow earth. An expert went ahead with a "marker," shambled along

against the double doors, there to wait until such time as farmers chose. Then as winter drew on husking-bees were in order. Lads and lasses in the neighborhood were bidden to the festival. They improvised seats of boxes, pails and inverted baskets. "Partners" was the rule, and when any youth found an ear of red corn he was entitled of right to a kiss from his companion. Cider served with a free hand and fried cakes and pumpkin pie rewarded the toilers. After the "bee" was over girls must be taken home. Happy the youth if the moon had gone down. If the way were long and the bridges narrow. And happy the maid if the man who led her through that night's shadows proved all that her fancy promised for him. Her granddaughters know no husking bees, and arts acquired in distant schools must take the place of bright red ears of corn.

Warmer suns shone on the little mounds where the grains were hidden; gentle dews and drenching rains softened the bony shell which held the germ, and broad blades spread away with bright green lines, tracing the promise of a bounteous yield. A little later and the shovel plow, the hoe, and even the hand must destroy every life that could drain the fertility that belonged to corn—and, later still, when summer suns shone hottest, the rank green stalks rose to a man's height, hiding the ground and spreading long, broad blades to gather the good with which the air was charged. Tassels shoot from the verdant crown, and soft, silky pouches push from the side the crown of King Corn and the scepter of his reign.

Improved machinery has lessened the labors of the farm life since those early days. Instead of the basket of seed and the single hoos then following the marker a tailor-clad young man rides with thumb and fingers. Later still than the husking bee comes the husking glove,

straight across the field at a target stake, and shifting coils and plates of steel have sunk the seed and covered it well with a speed unapproachable in a former day. As the slender stalks rise up and ask for help against their enemies, the weeds, prompt allies of famine, the same young man, with garments little stained by toil, can ride down the rows and tend in a day more than a score of men could have served before.

But when autumn comes—when frosts have laid a modest coat of gray upon the fields of green—the giant toll stands well entrenched. No machine can gather corn. The same old methods Walter Raleigh saw employed by Indians three hundred years ago are used to-day, and seem to defy improvement. Cornstalks will not all attain a uniform height; ears will not stand from the stem at the same angle or all put forth from the same side, and he who would gather corn must take his hands and husk it. When the ground is white with frosts of October mornings, when velvet blades have turned to harsh simetars, when ears of corn once yielding to the touch are hard and rough as metal rays, the poetry all goes out of farm life, and hovers like a dream about the pens of men who never won a dinner gathering corn. But the corn is made and must be garnered. There is no flinching, no turning back from irksome labor. Toil has hardened hands and inured all to rough labor. The wagon, made doubly capacious by great side-boards, is driven into the field at the hither side; the team and the wheels straddle one row, while on either side two or three more are taken by the huskers. The weakest worker in the party is assigned to the task of following the wagon on the "down row," lifting its broken stalks, gathering the grain, and tossing it into the retreating vehicle.

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IMPROVED CRIBS IN THE FIELD.

And each one joins in the march across the yielding ground, dropping three grains in the cross of the marker. Men come behind with hoes and cover the corn with mellow earth, dexterously tacking them into beds from which they will rise enriched. A burial is going on in full faith of a resurrection, and with abundant assurance of return increased a thousandfold. Such dinners as they had in corn-planting time! Spring chickens had just risen to the dignity of "fries," the garden contributed a vegetable zest, and oceans of sweet, fresh milk could be had for the asking. Back to the work in the afternoon when the glimmer had worn off, persistent toil till the field was won, and all hands marched together from the farther corner, where all the seamy seed in the bottom of the baskets went to make a "king hill" to lead the rising grain.

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## SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Country Four Times as Large as Illinois—With a Wonderfully Fertile Soil and Boundless Natural Resources. It Presents an Inviting Field for the Enterprising Yankee.

Central America is that portion of North America lying between the north boundary of the state of Panama and the south boundary of Mexico, and is about 900 miles long, with greatly varying width. In area it is about as large as either France or Spain or Germany, or four times the size of the State of Alabama, or a little more than three and a half times the size of Illinois. It has a population of 3,025,000. If we include that portion of the state of Panama north of the Isthmus, the area of Central America is four times that of the State of Illinois. It is a mountainous region, and a large part of it is covered with dense and valuable timber. The people are chiefly of Indian and Spanish-Indian stock. Nearly all the metals abound, and the lands are very fertile. There is very little capital in the country. It could readily be made to support fifteen times its present population. The states comprising this region are Guatemala, Honduras, British Honduras (Belize), San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, of which the following is some information in detail:

Names of States.	Area in square miles.	Present population.
Guatemala.	31,000	1,300,000
Honduras.	47,000	200,000
British Honduras (Belize).	9,000	25,000
San Salvador.	7,500	600,000
Nicaragua.	29,000	400,000
Costa Rica.	22,000	250,000
	133,500	3,025,000

The state of Guatemala is just the size of Alabama, having an area of 31,000 square miles and a population of 1,300,000. Its capital, of the same name, has a population of 60,000. There are only 200,000 white people in the state, the great majority being Indians. Sheep, cows, horses, goats and pigs are common, and corn, beans, rice, wheat, sugar, coffee (\$10,000,000 worth of coffee was exported in 1889), and

tobacco are raised. There is an abundance of lead in the state, as well as silver and other metals, but little has been done in mining. It could easily sustain a population as large as that of the State of New York. Agriculturally it is far superior to the Empire State. The climate is said to be very healthful. As yet little if any manufacturing is done in Central America, though Guatemala now has one cotton mill (April 12, 1890).

The state or republic of Honduras is the same size as the State of New York, and has a population of 500,000. Almost every variety of fruit is raised; fish, turtle and wild fowl are abundant. This state ranks high in its native mineral wealth, silver, gold and copper existing in large quantities; zinc and tin have also been found. The inhabitants are chiefly of the Indian type. There is no capital in the country, but it offers untold opportunities for mining, manufacturing and intelligent agriculture.

British Honduras, or Belize, is the size of the State of New Hampshire, but has a small population of 25,000, many of them being negroes who were originally brought there as slaves. A few English residents control the business of the settled portions of this territory, and raise some sugar, and ship immense quantities of mahogany lumber to all parts of the world, and this lumber is inexhaustible in Central America.

The republic of San Salvador is about as large as the State of Massachusetts, and has a population of 650,000, and is the most densely peopled portion of Central America. Indigo has long been a leading article of export, though coffee is now the chief product exported. The cultivation of tobacco and sugar is also engaged in. Like the other States of this region, there is a woful lack of money with which to do business of any kind.

The republic of Nicaragua is the size of the State of Georgia, and contains a population of only 400,000. The soil is so fertile and the climate so favorable to rapid vegetable growth that as many as four crops of corn have been raised in one year upon the same ground, and two or three crops of vegetables a year are common. Cattle of all kinds flourish here, and hides are extensively exported. Only 30,000 of the people are classed as white.

The republic of Costa Rica is twice as large as Belgium, or twice the size of the State of Maryland, and has a population of only 200,000, while Belgium has a population of nearly 6,000,000. The people here are largely of Spanish descent. The land is fertility itself. Coffee is cultivated and exported, and is the present chief source of wealth, there being 26,000,000 coffee trees on 7,600 farms, and cotton, tobacco, and indigo could be grown in endless quantities. One American, Mr. M. C. Keith, ships a million bunches of bananas annually from Limon to New Orleans. Gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, zinc, and lead are found, but are undeveloped. There is no manufacturing, though

there are now 126 miles of railway there, composed of four short lines. With these facts before us how can we doubt that Central America is the seat of a future empire? Its natural resources and the fertility of its soil far exceed those of France or Spain. The day is rapidly nearing when we shall be connected with this garden spot by a railway which will be extended from Mexico to meet, by way of the Isthmus, the lines in South America, and the feeders of this great trunk line will bring the resources of Central America within easy reach. Then the magic of capital and directive ability will create wealth with a dazzling rapidity which will bring comfort and prosperity to a new nation which in a few decades may have a population equal to that of France. There is no field to-day more inviting for enterprise than Central America, nor one which railroads would develop more rapidly.

## LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

His Sympathetic Nature and His Early Misfortune.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose. Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called upon to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become the chosen of the Lord.

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner, in the grocery business at Salem was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night when customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge; and he in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set that in his hands, and the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe, don't cry; an' he'd look up an' say, 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on me.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on him." What adds poignancy to the grief some times is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who, after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. With her continued taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

An Important Correction. "You will want to put the new edition of our geography into your schools," marked the publisher's agent to the President of a school board.

"But we changed geographies only last spring," protested the school official.

"Yes, I know that; but we want to keep up with the times, don't you?" "Yes, I suppose so."

"Then you'll have to have our new edition, for it is the only geography published which has Heligoland down as a German possession."

"It is not intellectual work that injures the brain," says the London Hospital, "but emotional excitement. Most men can stand the severest thought and study of which their brains are capable, and be none the worse for it; for neither thought nor study interferes with the recuperative influence of sleep. It is ambition, anxiety and disappointment, the hopes and fears, the loves and hates of our lives, that wear out our nervous system and endanger the balance of the brain."—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Never Neglect a Cold. Dr. Austin Flint says in the Forum: "It is probable that a person with an inherited tendency to consumption would never develop the disease if he could be protected against infection with the tubercle bacillus. In the light of modern discoveries consumption can no longer be regarded as an incurable disease." It is no exaggeration to say that Kemp's Balsam, when taken in time, has saved many from consumption. At all druggists; 50c and \$1. Sample bottle free.

A WOMAN factory inspector in Philadelphia has made 400 inspections during her service of six months. In nine cases out of ten she found that the operatives did not know where fire escapes were.

## Scrofula Humor

"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had seven running scrofula sores. Two physicians were called, but they gave us no hope. One of them advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. On giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, marked improvement was noticed, and by a continued use of it her recovery was complete. She is now seven years old, strong and healthy." B. C. Jones, Alma, Lincoln Co., Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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PENSIONS Thousands ENTITLED to PENSIONS. Write immediately for FREE BOOK for application. Don. J. M. C. L. & S. CO., Washington, D. C.

To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative; it must contain tonic, alterative and cathartic properties.

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possess these qualities, and speedily restore to the bowels their normal peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For Constipation, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.

All Internal Pains, Diarrhea, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 40 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50c a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality. Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.